Ro. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citti. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tybalt that mutherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.
Citi. Vp ſir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet, *their wiues and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can diſcouer all:
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall braſl,
There lies the man ſlaine by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kiſman, braue *Mercutio*.
Capu. Wi. *Tybalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is ſpild
Of my deare kiſman, Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, ſhead bloud of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.
Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this bloudie fray?
Ben. *Tybalt* here ſlain, whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay,
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall
Your high diſpleaſure all this vttered,
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteele at bold *Mercutios* breaſt,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly poynt to poynt,
And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It backe to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexteritie
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,

His

His aged arme beates downe their fatall poynts,
And twixt them ruſhes, vnderneath whoſe arme,
An enuious thruſt from *Tybalt* hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertaind reuenge,
And toote they go like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.
Ca. Wi. He is a kiſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes not true:
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all thoſe twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Iuſtice which thou Prince muſt giue:
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not liue.
Prin. *Romeo* ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.
Capu. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt*.
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I haue an intereſt in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But ile amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares, nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes.
Therefore vſe none, let *Romeo* hence in haſt,
Elſe when he is found, that houre is his laſt.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercie but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.

Exit.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Gallop apace, you fierie footed ſteedes,

Towards